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Simbegwire / Simbegwire

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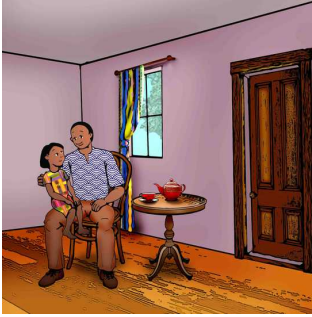
Simbegwire

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🗨️ Olukonjo / English (en)



Simbagwire mwabya nobulighe bunene, mama wiwe abiriholha. Thatha wa Simbagwire mwallengaho kutsibu erilembere mwali wiwe. Neryo bolhobolho mubatsuka eritsangatsanga isihali mama wa Simbagwire. Obulingyakya bakikalha nerihanulha okwa ebikendikoleka ekiro ekyo. Obul'igholhogholho bakahuka akalyo haima, neryo iberya esya bakuli haima. Thatha wa Simbagwire inyawathikya okw'amasomo aw'eka.

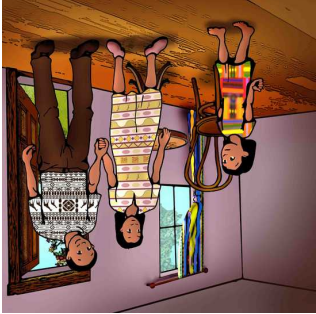
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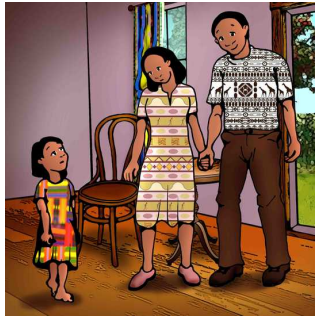
When Simbegwire's mother died, she was very sad. Simbegwire's father did his best to take care of his daughter. Slowly, they learned to feel happy again, without Simbegwire's mother. Every morning they sat and talked about the day ahead. Every evening they made dinner together. After they washed the dishes, Simbegwire's father helped her with homework.

One day, Simbegwire's father came home later than usual. "Where are you my child?" he called. Simbegwire ran to her father. She stopped still when she saw that he was holding a woman's hand. "I want you to meet someone special, my child. This is Anita," he said smiling.

...

Kiro kighuma thatha wa Simbagwire mwasana omwighohohoho kutsibu. "Ulihay! mwanawaghe" mwabirikira. Simbagwire mwasana akathibitha eyiri thatha wiwe. Neryo mwimana akalihangira thatha wiwe akasa inyanahambire okuboko kwomumbesa. "Nyanzire wusangasangane n'omumbesa wembaghane, mwanawaghe. Ono ni Anita", mwabughana inyanemuseka.





“Kuthi Simbagwire, thatha waghu abirimbwira mwatsi munene okwiwe”, Anita akaramukya. Aliryo mwatha seka kandi mwathimya nebyalha biwe. Thatha wa Simbagwire abya n’etseme nene. Mwakania okwabosi basathu erikalha haima. nobuyingo bwabo kubukendiwana. “Mwana waghe, ngawithe erilengekania indi ukendirigha Anita eribya mama waghu”, mwabugha athya.

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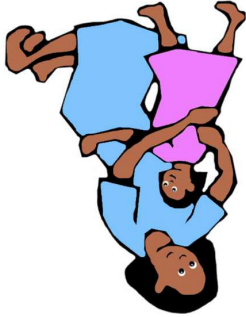
“Hello Simbegwire, your father told me a lot about you,” said Anita. But she did not smile or take the girl’s hand. Simbegwire’s father was happy and excited. He talked about the three of them living together, and how good their life would be. “My child, I hope you will accept Anita as your mother,” he said.



Esabiti eyasubukako, Anita mwathumira Simbagwire, mwaliwabu haima na songali wiwe, eryasa eka ewiwe erisalya ekihulho. Anita mwahuka ebyalya Simbagwire eby’anzire kutsibu. Mubalya bamoghutha ndeke. Abana bamayasatha neryo nabakulhu bamaghenda omwa muliira. Simbagwire mwatsanga kutsibu kandi amayira amani. Neryo amatwamo ati omwabiro bithebyahali akendisyasubulha inyayikalha na thatha wiwe haime na mamulere wiwe.

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The next week, Anita invited Simbegwire, with her cousins and aunt, to the house for a meal. What a feast! Anita prepared all of Simbegwire’s favourite foods, and everyone ate until they were full. Then the children played while the adults talked. Simbegwire felt happy and brave. She decided that soon, very soon, she would return home to live with her father and her stepmother.



Thatha wiwe inyakasamulebaya bulikiro. Neryo mwalingwa inyamasa na Anita. Anita amamuha ebyalha ati Simbagwire, unganyire mwana, munakusoberya, "wanganaleka inathasyakulembere?" Simbagwire mwasamallira obusu bwathatha wiwe, neryo amaseghere embere amahira amaboko wiwe iribumbatirwa na Anita.

...

Her father visited her every day. Eventually, he came with Anita. She reached out for Simbegwire's hand. "I'm so sorry little one, I was wrong," she cried. "Will you let me try again?" Simbegwire looked at her father and his worried face. Then she stepped forward slowly and put her arms around Anita.



Obuyingo bwa Simbagwire mubwahinduka. Mwathasyathunga endambi yerikalha na thatha wiwe omwanyagkya. Anita mwatsuka erimuha emibiri minene eyerikolha neryo mwathasya thunga obuthuku bwerisomera eka omwighoho. Banabiriwunza eriya neryo inyawiwusa omwangingo. Amalighe iwe eriyaghunzira womwakabublangiti mama wiwe amusighira. Thatha wa Simbagwire mwathalangira mwali wiwe kwathakiyiri nebitsange.

...

Simbegwire's life changed. She no longer had time to sit with her father in the mornings. Anita gave her so many household chores that she was too tired to do her school work in the evenings. She went straight to bed after dinner. Her only comfort was the colourful blanket her mother gave her. Simbegwire's father did not seem to notice that his daughter was unhappy.



Emyisi mike yabirihaba, thatha wa Simbagwire mwabwirabo athi akendibulhaho habwa kathuku kake. “Ngendighenda habw’omubiri waghe”, nyinasi mukendiwathikania. Obusu bwa Simbagwire neryo mubwakina, aliryo thatha wiwe mwathalhangira. Anita mwathabugha kindu. Nayo mwathanza nahake.

...

After a few months, Simbegwire’s father told them that he would be away from home for a while. “I have to travel for my job,” he said. “But I know you will look after each other.” Simbegwire’s face fell, but her father did not notice. Anita did not say anything. She was not happy either.



Simbagwire abya inyanimusatha namwaliwabu, akalhangira thatha wiwe omwa lhuyira. Mwasagha ati mbwino akendimutsumanga, neryo amathibitha omwanyumba eriyabisama. Aliryo thatha wiwe mwaghenda eyali, neryo abugha ati, “Simbagwire wabirisunga omubuthi omubuya. Oyukakuyithegherera, kandi nerikwanza. Wamanyiha kwesisoni, kandi nga kwanzire. Neryo bamathwamo bathi Simbagwire akwame kwerekalha na songali wiwe.

...

Simbegwire was playing with her cousins when she saw her father from far away. She was scared he might be angry, so she ran inside the house to hide. But her father went to her and said, “Simbegwire, you have found a perfect mother for yourself. One who loves you and understands you. I am proud of you and I love you.” They agreed that Simbegwire would stay with her aunt as long as she wanted to.



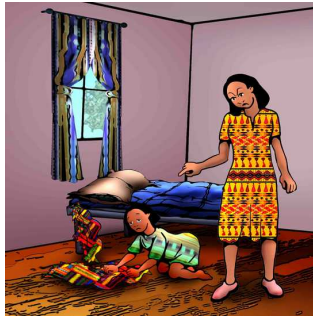
Tatha wa Simbagwire abere asubulha, mwasangana ekisenge kya mwali wiwe ikine buyira. "Anita, yabereki eno" amabulya nomuthima wobulighe. Omughole amathulhawo ati Simbagwire athibithire. "Munanza indi ambire mwe kitsumbi, mbwino munamukalihakoko kutsibu". Tatha wa Simbagwire mwal'eka neryo amaghenda omwanzira eyikaghenda elhusi. Neryo amaghenda ewa mwaliwabu akayalebya nganabwe ne Simbagwire. . . .

When Simbegwire's father returned home, he found her room empty. "What happened, Anita?" he asked with a heavy heart. The woman explained that Simbegwire had run away. "I wanted her to respect me," she said. "But perhaps I was too strict." Simbegwire's father left the house and went in the direction of the stream. He continued to his sister's village to find out if she had seen Simbegwire.



Ebindu byamasighalha bikakalira Simbagwire. Amethendiwunza emibiri yiwe, kutse amayibughanganisya, Anita inyaka muhumba. Nokondambi eyerirya omuhuka ono inyakalya ebyalya ebyosi erisakirya Simbagwire otutahangukirya. Obulighotho, Simbagwire inyakayithwalha omwa kakyingo kiwe neribumbathira akabbulangiti kamama wiwe amusighire okwa kikuba. . . .

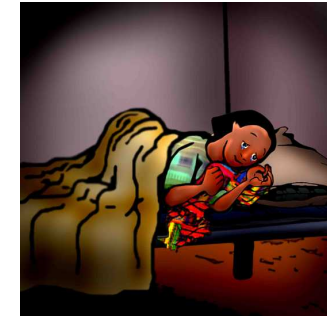
Things got worse for Simbegwire. If she didn't finish her chores, or she complained, Anita hit her. And at dinner, the woman ate most of the food, leaving Simbegwire with only a few scraps. Each night Simbegwire cried herself to sleep, hugging her mother's blanket.



Kiro kighuma, omwangyakya, Simbagwire mwatselewa erilwa omwa kakingo kiwe. “Iwe musika mughara” Anita akatsuruma. Akapura Simbagwire yomwakakingo kiwe. Akabbulangiti akabuya mukahathira omwamusumali, neryo kamatamuka mwabipindi bibiri.

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One morning, Simbegwire was late getting out of bed. “You lazy girl!” Anita shouted. She pulled Simbegwire out of bed. The precious blanket caught on a nail, and tore in two.



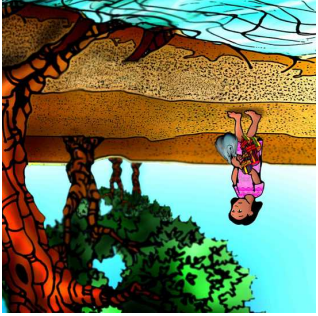
Songali wa Simbagwire mwamuthwalha ewiwe eka. Amahereya Simbagwire yebyalya ebihuhire, nerimuhira omwa kitanda haima nakabbulangiti kamama wiwe. Ekiro ekyo, Simbagwire mwalira akayabotsera. Aliryo yabya misoni yerihumulikania. Mwaminya athi songali wiwe akendimulembere ndeke.

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Simbegwire’s aunt took the child to her own house. She gave Simbegwire warm food, and tucked her in bed with her mother’s blanket. That night, Simbegwire cried as she went to sleep. But they were tears of relief. She knew her aunt would look after her.



Omg hole ono mwasamalira omwa muthi.
 Abere alhangira omwana wobukali,
 n'otubbulangiti ithunemukangabasanja,
 mwalira emisoni, neryo abirikira, Simbagwire,
 omwana wa mughalha wethu! Abaghole abandi
 mubaleka erioya ebisomeko byabo neryo
 bamawathikya Simbagwire erikyima
 omwamuthi. Neryo songali wiwe
 amabumbathira akambesa, nerikahumulikania.
 ...
 This woman looked up into the tree. When she
 saw the girl and the pieces of colourful blanket,
 she cried, "Simbegwire, my brother's child!" The
 other women stopped washing and helped
 Simbegwire to climb down from the tree. Her
 aunt hugged the little girl and tried to comfort
 her.



Simbagwire mwahithana kutsibu. Neryo
 amathwamo erithibitha erilwa omwa muyi.
 Amaboha othubbulangiti twiwe, amaboha
 netwalya, neryo amaghenda. Mwakwama
 oluyira olhwa thatha wiwe alhabamo ekiro
 aghenda.
 ...

Simbegwire was very upset. She decided to run
 away from home. She took the pieces of her
 mother's blanket, packed some food, and left
 the house. She followed the road her father had
 taken.



Obuthuku bwabere bukira, neryo amasamba omwa muthi hakuhi nolhusi, neryo amakolha engyingo yiwe omwamuthi. Abere akayawotsera, amimba olhwimbo: “Maama, maama, maama, muwanzigha. Muwanzigha kandi wamaani subulha. Thatha syakyinyanzire. Mama, ghukendisyasubulha kiro kyahi? Wabirinzigha.”

...

When it came to evening, she climbed a tall tree near a stream and made a bed for herself in the branches. As she went to sleep, she sang: “Maama, maama, maama, you left me. You left me and never came back. Father doesn’t love me anymore. Mother, when are you coming back? You left me.”



Omwangyakya ekindi kiro, Simbagwire mwimba olhwimbo lhwawe kandi. Abaghole babere bakasa erisoya ebisomeko byabo, mubowa olhwimbo lhw’obulighe lhukalhwa omwa muthi. Mubalengekania ambu obundi nirihunga likaghendesaya emithi, neryo mubathatsomana. Aliryo omughuma okwabaghole mwahulikirira olhwimbo lhwandeke.

...

The next morning, Simbegwire sang the song again. When the women came to wash their clothes at the stream, they heard the sad song coming from the tall tree. They thought it was only the wind rustling the leaves, and carried on with their work. But one of the women listened very carefully to the song.